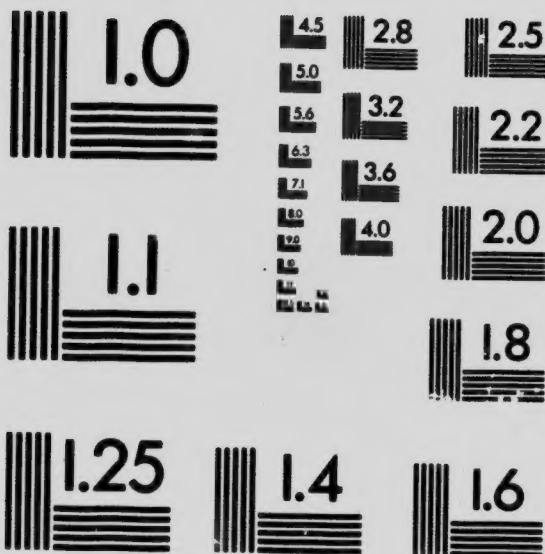


MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

~~1877~~
~~3-29-06~~

To W. Taylor S. Pennington
from his Father.

March 29. 1906

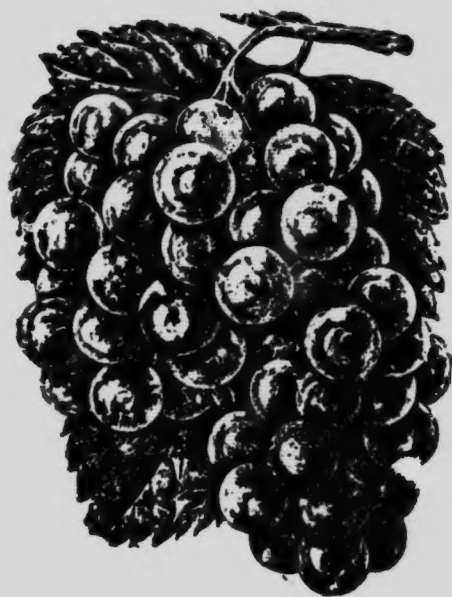




A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

INFANT'S LIBRARY No. 2.

A BUNCH OF GRAPEES.



OTTAWA, CAN.
HOLINESS MOVEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE,
480 BANK STREET

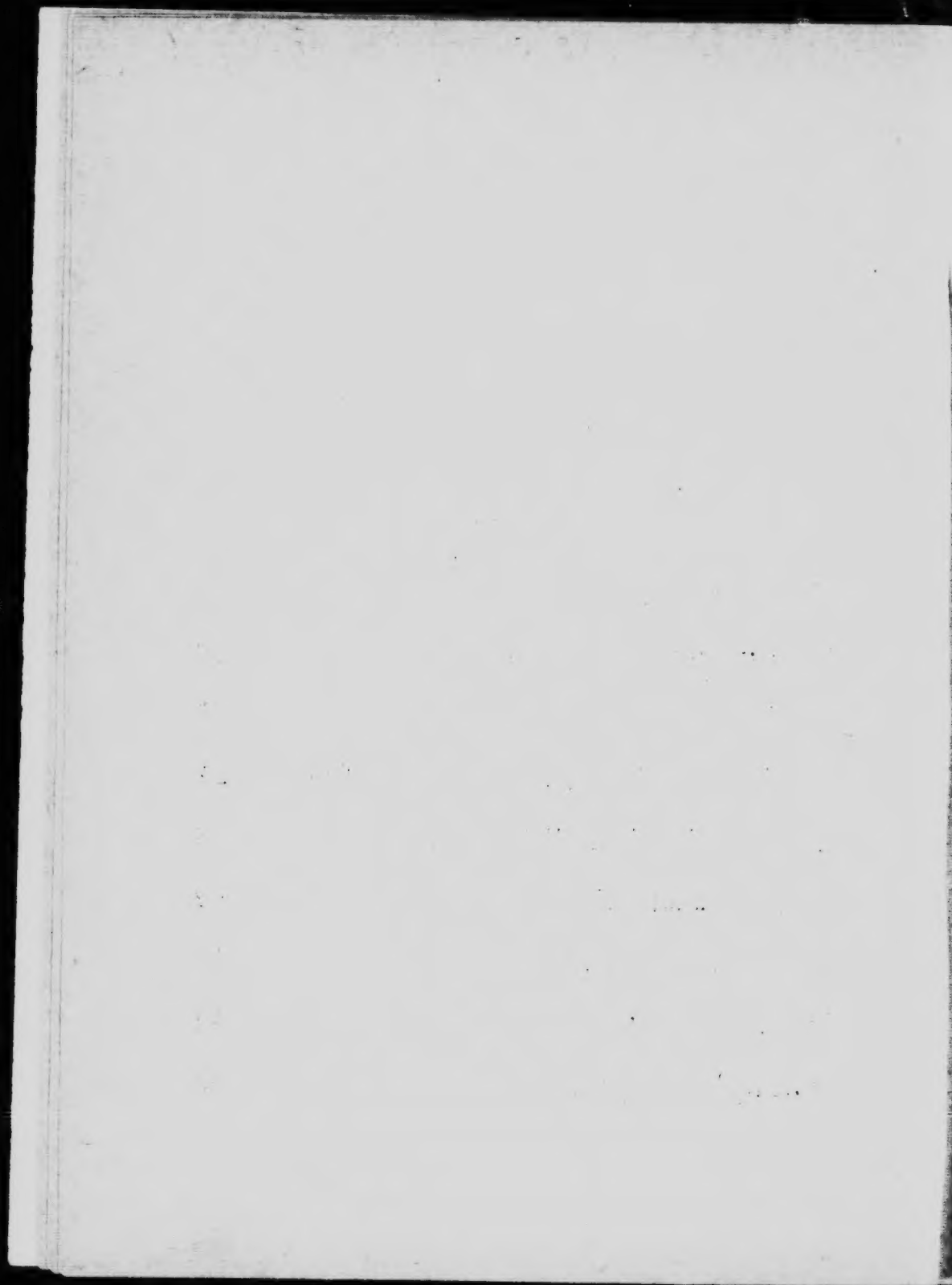
1908

PS8319

B8

Contents.

The Last Half Pint.....	7
Asking and Expecting.....	19
She Knew a Way.....	27
My Father Gives ; He Does Not Sell..	37
A Little Child Shall Lead Them.....	43
Nettie's Daily Bread.....	49
A Prayer in a Pillow.....	55
Just Like God.....	59
Tommy's Prayer.....	63



THE LAST HALF PINT.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

I REMEMBER a little history related to me many years ago by a Christian abstainer. He said he would give me the facts that led to his reform, and the circumstance that arrested him in his career of sin.

Two maiden ladies who lived in the village often noticed a

scantly clad girl passing their house with a pail. On one occasion one of these ladies accosted her :—

“Little girl, what have you got in that pail?”

“Whisky, ma’am.”

“Where do you live?”

“Down in the hollow.”

“I’ll go home with you.”

They soon came to a wretched hovel in the hollow, outside the village. A pale, jaded, worn-out woman met them at the door. Inside was a man, dirty, maudlin, and offensive.

The lady, addressing the woman, said,—

“Is this your little girl?”

“Yes.”

“Does she go to school?”

“No ; she has no other clothes than what you see.”

“Does she go to Sunday School?”

“Sunday School—in these rags ? oh no !”

“If I furnish her with suitable clothes, can she go?”

“It’s no use giving her clothes,” said the woman. “He would steal them and sell them

for whisky. Better let the girl alone ; there is no hope for her or for us."

"But she ought to go to school."

An arrangement was entered into whereby the child should call at the lady's house on Sunday morning, be clothed for the school, and, after the school was dismissed, call again and change her garments for home.

The little creature was very teachable, and soon became a favourite with her teacher, who

gave her a little Testament, probably the first gift the child had ever received. She was very proud of her Testament, exhibiting it on all occasions with the delighted exclamation,—

“That’s my little testament—my own.”

She would take it with her at night, clasping it in her hands till she fell asleep on the wretched rags called a bed. The child was taken ill. The doctor provided by her benefactors declared she would die.

Her friends supplied her with what comforts they could, and watched the father lest he should steal them and sell them for whisky.

The gentleman then continued the narrative in the first person.

“One day I went to her bedside. I was mad for drink. I had taken everything I could lay my hands on. I looked round the room. There was nothing I could dispose of. Yet I must have drink. I would have sold my child, I

would have sold myself for whisky. The little creature lay on the bed, with the Testament clasped in her hand, partly dozing. As I sat there she fell asleep, and the book slipped from her fingers, and lay on the coverlid of the bed. Stealthily looking round the room, I stretched out my shaking hand, seized the Testament and hastily thrust it into my bosom. I soon sneaked out, like a guilty thing, to the grog shop. All I could get for it was a half-pint of whis-



I SOON SNEAKED OUT.

ky. It was a poor little book. I drank the devil's drink almost at a draught, and soon felt relieved from the burning thirst. The stagnant blood in the diseased vessels of my stomach was stimulated by the fiery fluid, and I felt better.

What took me back to my child I cannot tell ; but I sat again by her side. She still seemed to be sleeping ; and as I sat there, with the horrible craving stayed for the time by the whisky I had drank, she

opened her eyes slowly, and saw me. Reaching out her hand to touch mine, she said, 'Papa, listen. I am going to die ; and when I die I shall go to Jesus, for He told little children to come to Him. And I shall go to heaven ; for He said little children were of the kingdom of heaven. I learnt that out of my Testament. Papa, suppose when I go to heaven Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament. O papa ! O papa, what will I tell Him ?' It struck

me like lightning. I sat for a few moments, and then fell



down on my knees by the bedside of my child, crying, 'God

be merciful to me a sinner !'
That half-pint of whisky was
the last drop of intoxicating
liquor that has passed my lips.
She died in a few days with
her hand in mine, and her last
words to me were : 'Papa, we
shall both go to Jesus now.'

ASKING AND EXPECT- ING.

IN a miserable cottage at the bottom of a hill, two children hovered over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without, against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps

of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter, lest they might ask payment for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I ; I've hunted for a potato paring, and can't find any."

"What an awful storm !"

"Yes, the old tree has been blown down. I guess God took care that it didn't fall on

the house. It would certainly have killed us."

"If He could do that, could He not send us bread?"

"I guess so; let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we've prayed that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a human feeling stole into his heart. He had bought a loaf

in the village, thinking it would last him many days, but the silence of the two little children spoke loudly to him. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and closing it, listened to the wild, eager cry of delight uttered by the half-famished little ones.

It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?' questioned the younger.

'Yes; I mean to love God for giving us bread because we asked Him.'

'We'll ask Him every day,



HE OPENED THE DOOR SOFTLY.

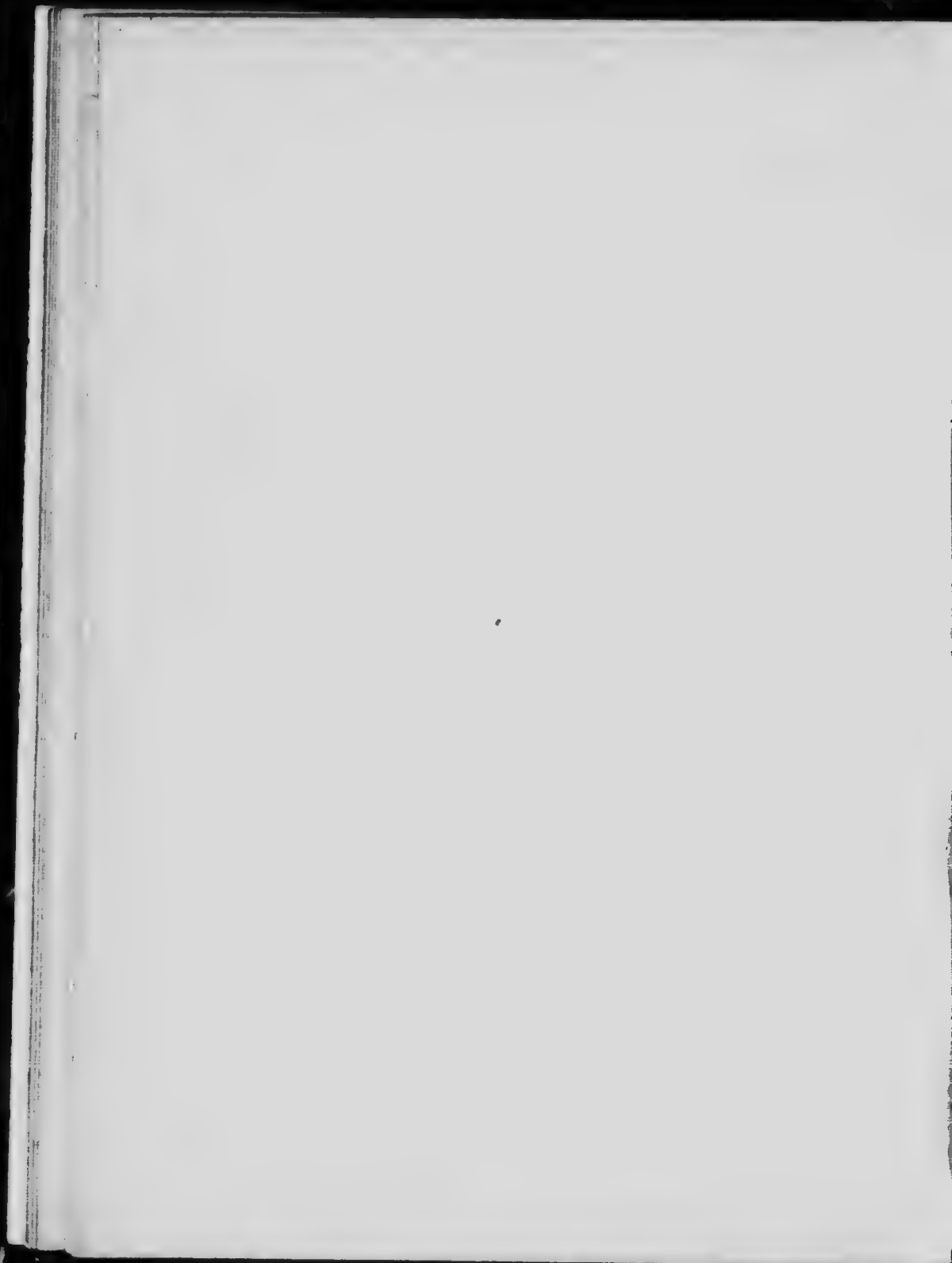
won't we? Why, I never thought God was so good, did you?'

'Yes, always, but I never quite knew it before.'

'Let's ask Him to give father work to do, all the time, so we need never be hungry again. He will do it,—I am sure.'

The storm passed—the miser went home. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the poor labouring man. And the lit-

tle children ever after, felt a sweet and solemn emotion, when they came to those trustful words, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'



SHE KNEW A WAY.

THE sun had not quite climbed up the shoulder of Humpback mountain, but he was on the way. The sky knew it, and brightened at the thought. The birds knew it, and twittered, and checped, and tuned their voices up and down the scale, to be ready for their part in the chorus.

In the small, sunburnt cot-

tage, half way up the mountain, a little curly-headed child stirred and cheeped too. She had gone to bed in the early twilight, and now she was tired of sleep and ready for the new day.

‘Mammy,’ said the little mountain maid, kin I get up?’

‘Yes, child, git up and welcome,’ answered the mother. ‘I reckon I must be stirring my old bones, too.’

With nimble fingers the child fastened the few scanty garments belonging to her,

and ran out on bare brown feet to wash at the little stream below the spring. The intense cold of the water made her cheeks glow, and her breath come quickly.

‘Now,’ she said to herself, ‘I will gather the eggs for mamma, and s’prise her. I won’t go for no basket ; I kin just get them in my dress.’

Away she sped to the chicken house. It was a low roofed affair, flat on the ground, with so small an opening that nobody bigger than Jess herself

could have gotten in and out. The child crept fearlessly in, but hardly had she put the first egg in her gathered-up lap, when she saw a large mottled rattlesnake stretch himself across the little opening by which she had entered.

The snake did not seem angry, was not looking at her, in fact, and even Jess' terrified scream did not rouse him. Fortunately, she did not move, and in a moment her father came to her help.

Peering through a crack in



SHE DID NOT MOVE.

the roof, the man saw not only the snake lying in front of the child, but a second one, its mate, stretched out behind her. It was impossible to kill them both at once ; if he struck either, the other would certainly bite the little prisoner. What a moment of horror !

‘Jess,’ he said, hoarsely, ‘keep as still as you can and listen to me. I’ve got to take off the roof and lift you out of the coop. But if you move you are gone ! Can you hold still ?’

The little face was white with terror, and at first no sound would come to her lips. Then she said, faintly :

‘All right, dad ; I’ve thought of a way to keep still.’

The man and his wife quietly unroofed the slight building, making as little noise as possible, and then, climbing out on the chestnut limb that overhung it, Jess’ father let down a rope, and drew her up, like Jeremiah out of his dungeon, by the arm-pits.

The snakes were promptly

killed, and the child sat, white and trembling on her mother's lap in the cabin doorway.

'You're a first-rate soldier, Jess—that's what you be,' said her father, proudly. 'How ever did you manage to keep still ?'

'I jest shut my eyes,' said the child, 'and made out that God was holding my feet.'

'Holding your feet !' exclaimed the man, somewhat startled.

Jess nodded.

'They are teaching me some

Bible verses at the chapel Sunday school,' she said, and one of them says, 'He will not suffer the foot to be moved.' That is what made me think of it.'

The next Sunday Jess found to her delight, that her father was going ^h her down the mountain to Zion Chapel.

'Are you afraid I'll meet with more snakes, dad?' she asked.

'Not so much that, tho' you mought,' he answered. 'I am going to learn the rest of them

verses about God not letting your foot be moved.'

And when he heard the very first verse of that beautiful Psalm : 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help,' the mountaineer nodded :

'Ezzactly,' he said, 'that's jest the one for me.'

But he has gone farther on now, and is learning the deeper, sweeter lesson of the next verse : 'My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.'—*E.P. Allen, in S.S. Times.*

MY FATHER GIVES ; HE
DOES NOT SELL.

A MOTHER lay dying—her parched lips thirsted for something to refresh them. By her bedside stood her little daughter, about fourteen years old. Suddenly the thought struck her : “I have seen such beautiful grapes in the hot-houses of the Court gardens ; I’ll go and ask how much one

bunch would be. Oh! if I could just get one bunch for mother! Away she slipped with all haste, and soon reached the first lodge. The sentry on guard asked her errand.

'I must see the king,' said the little maid.

'Impossible!' replied the stern soldier.

'But mother is dying,' she pleaded.

'I can let no one pass these gates,' was the reply.

The poor child's heart sank, and she burst into tears.

Just at that moment the king's son himself rode up, and touched with the child's grief, inquired the cause. Turning to her, he said: 'Well, and what do 'you' want with the king?'

'Please, sir, mother is dying, and I wanted to know what I could buy one bunch of grapes for? Mother is so thirsty;' and the tears flowed faster and faster.

Bidding her follow him, he led her to one of the vineries, and cutting with his own hand

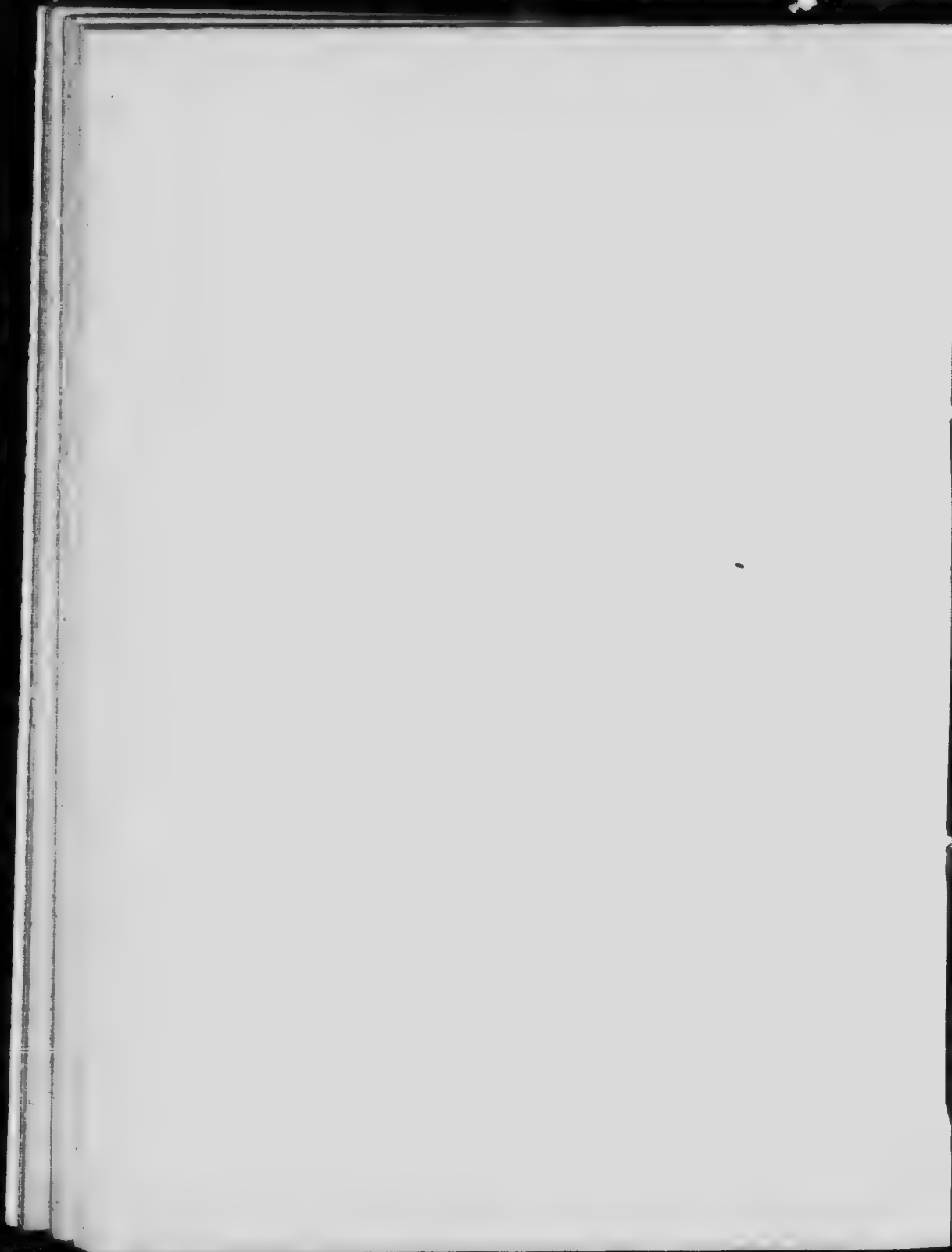
a fine bunch of the rich fruit,
he gave it to the astonished



child, saying, 'My father does
not sell—he gives.'

We cannot earn or buy sal-
vation. Eternal life is the

GIFT of God. God so loved the world, He GAVE His Son to die in 'your' stead; and God's Word says, 'He loved me, and GAVE Himself for me.' 'The just for the unjust !' The price of my life was the precious blood of Christ.



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL
LEAD THEM.

A GODLESS mother, arrayed
for a ball, went to bid
her baby girl good-night. The
child clung to her mother and
said :

‘Mamma, tell me a prayer,
please.’

‘A prayer, child ! Who put
that notion into your head?’

‘Why, Sunday, Miss Tanley

said we ought to pray every day; but, mamma, I don't know how to pray; but Mary said her mamma taught her to pray about laying down to sleep at night, and I thought you might know it, mamma, and would teach it to me. I want to pray, too.'

Tears sprang to the mother's eyes. She saw herself as a child kneeling by her mother's knee and learning to pray. Ah, did that mother know how she had grown away from her early teaching into worldli-



ness and sin? Had she deprived her own child of what she had longed for?

'Was this the prayer, darling?' she said,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

How sweet it sounded as those childish lips repeated it. The ball that night was stupid. Dancing only made her dizzy, and soon she whispered, 'John, let us go home; I am tired.'

'So soon?'

As they silently went to their room a baby voice was

heard talking in her sleep.
Softly came the words :

“If I should die before I wake.”

‘O God, teach me to pray
good, and teach papa and
mamma to pray, and don’t let
them keep me from Sunday
school.’

In their room the young
mother sank into a chair, and,
covering her face, sobbed
aloud. Not since he was a
boy had the father heard any
one pray for him, and now, to
have his own child pleading
for him ! Suddenly his wife

rose, placed her hand on his arm, her eyes streaming with tears, and said : "O, John, how have we been living ! We need her to teach us to pray. Let us go to the Saviour and learn to pray together.'

—*Sunday School Illustrator.*

"Not a surge or worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry,
Touch the spirit there.
Stayed upon Jehovah
Hearts are fully blest.
Finding as He promised
Perfect peace and rest."

NETTIE'S DAILY BREAD.

A LITTLE girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said, slowly, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Then she went into the street, and began to wonder where God kept His bread. She turned around the corner and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop.

'This,' thought Nellie, 'is the place.' So she entered, confident, and said to the big baker, 'I have come for it.'

'Come for what?'

'My daily bread,' she said, pointing to the tempting loaves. 'I will take two, if you please—one for mother and one for me.'

'All right,' said the baker, putting them into a bag, and giving them to his little customer, who started at once into the street.

'Stop, you little rogue!' he



"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

said, roughly; 'where is your money?'

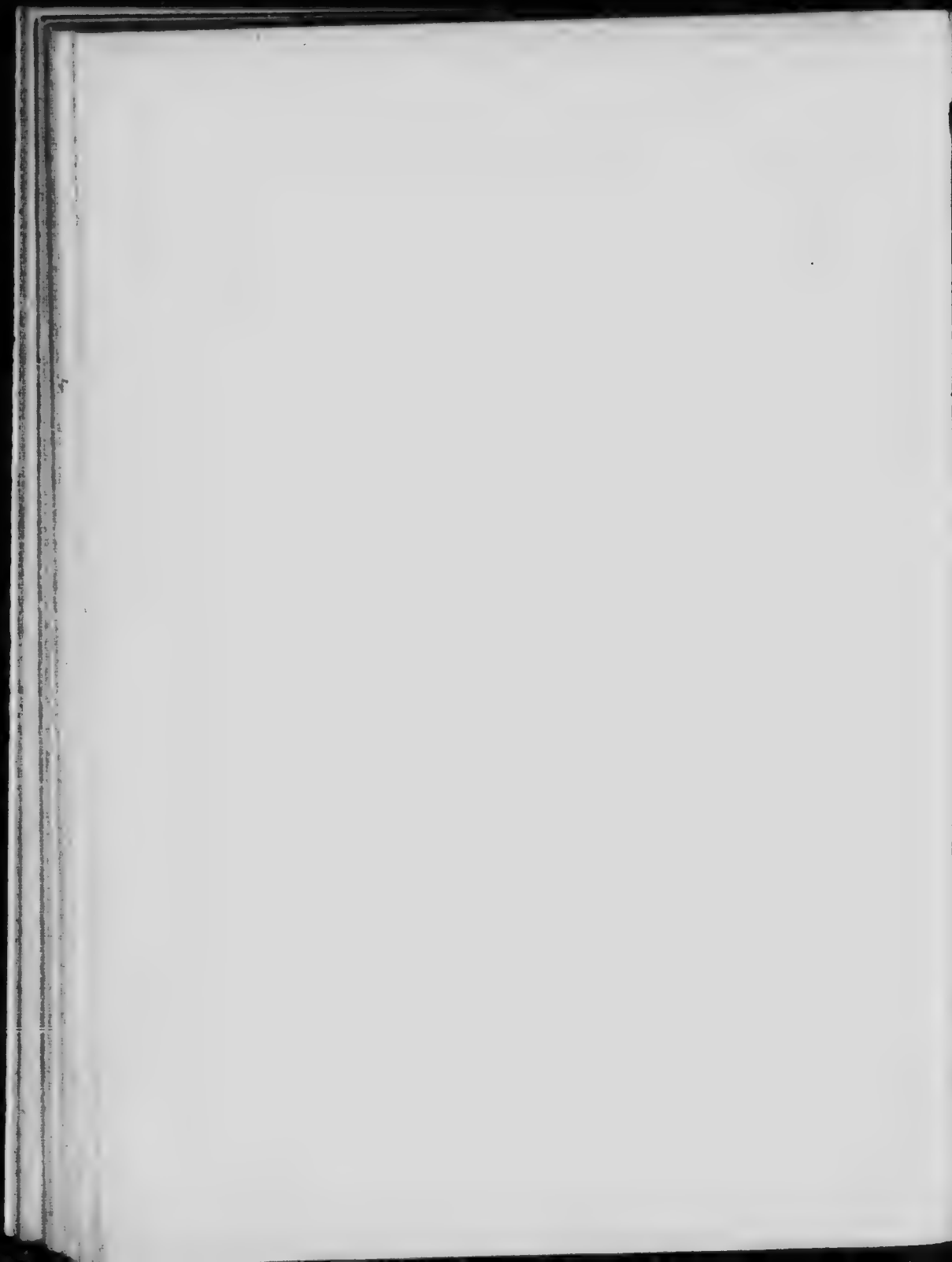
'I haven't any,' she said, simply.

'Haven't any !' he repeated angrily. 'You little thief, what brought you here, then.'

The hard words frightened the little girl, who, bursting into tears, said, 'Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and then I thought God meant me to fetch it, and so I came.'

The rough, but kind-hearted

baker was softened by the child's simple tale, and instead of chiding her or sending her away empty, he went with her to her home, and finding the conditions far worse than the child had stated, he not only gave of his own means, but interested others, so the child's trust in God was fully honored.



A PRAYER IN THE PILLOW.

AN exchange tells this incident.

One night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime, and they were left to do as they would.

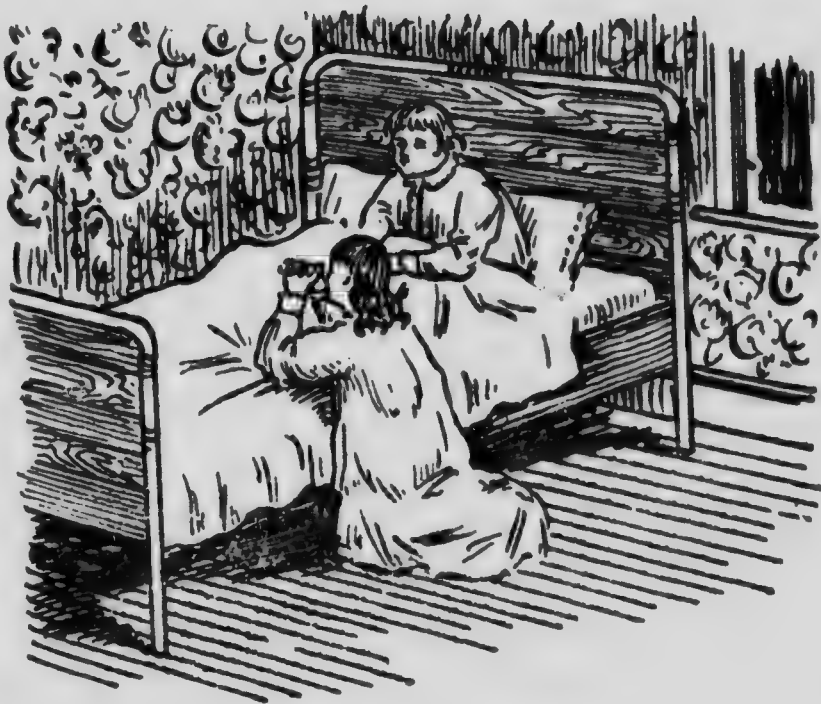
'I am not going to pray to-night,' said Lillian, when she was ready for bed.

'Why, Lillian !' exclaimed

Amy, with round eyes of astonishment.

'I don't care ; I am not going to. There isn't any use.'

So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished, and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed. There was a long silence ; then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vigorous thump and saying crossly : 'I wonder what the matter is with this pillow ?' Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of



AMY KNELT AND PRAYED.

the bed: 'I guess it's cause there isn't any prayer in it.'

A few minutes more of restlessness and Lillian slipped out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two little girls slept.

Is there a prayer in your pillow when you go to sleep to-night?

JUST LIKE GOD.

LITTLE Mary was one morning reading with her mother in the New Testament, and this was one of the verses of the chapter :

‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

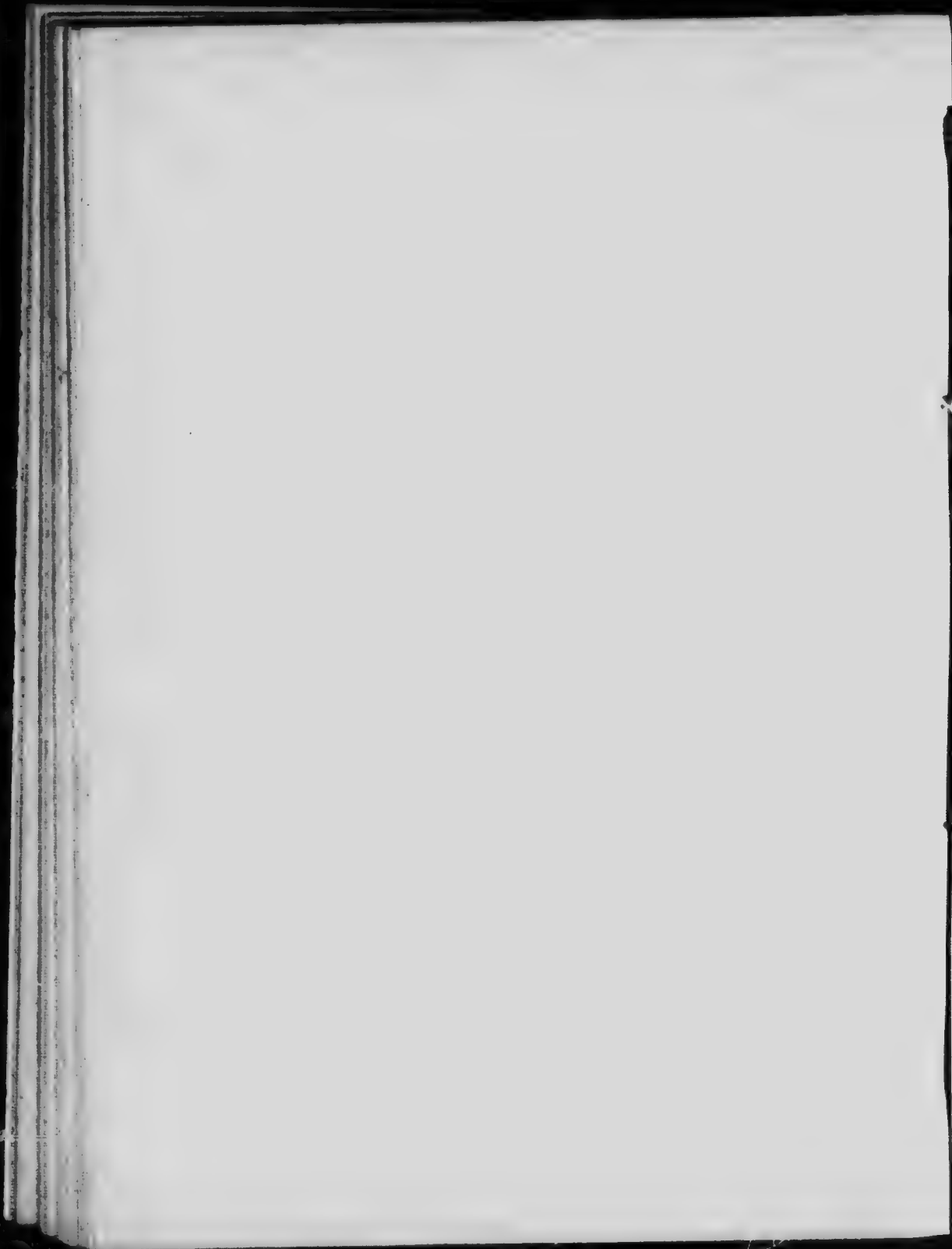
Stopping for a moment in

the reading, the mother asked: 'Don't you think it is very wonderful?' The child, looking surprised, replied in the



negative. The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied. 'Why, no,

mamma. It would be wonderful if it were anybody else : but it's just like God.



"TOMMY'S PRAYER."

I. F. NICHOLS.

♦ **I**N a dark and dismal alley, where the
sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy,
sickly, delicate and lame;
He had never yet been healthy, but had
lain since he was born,
Dragging out his weak existence well nigh
hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas just
five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him, and
the babe was crippled so;
He had never known the comfort of a
mother's tender care,
But her cruel blows and curses made his
pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar from the
morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated,
naught to make his dull life bright ;
Not a single friend to love him, not a living
thing to love—
For he knew not of a Saviour, or a heaven
up above.

'Twas a quiet summer evening; and the al-
ley, too, was still;
Tommy's little heart was sinking, and he
felt so lonely, till,
Floating up the quiet alley, wafted inwards
from the street,
Came the sound of someone singing, sound-
ing, oh ! so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen as the singing
nearer came—
Oh ! that he could see the singer ! How he
wished he wasn't lame.
Then he called and shouted loudly, till the
singer heard the sound,
And on noting whence it issued, soon the
little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden, rough and rugged, hair
unkept and naked feet,
All her garments torn and ragged, her ap-
pearance far from neat ;
"So yer called me," said the maiden, "won-
der wot yer wants o' me ;
Most folks call me Singing Jessie; wot may
your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple, and I
want to hear you sing,
For it makes me feel so happy—sing me
something, anything."
Jessie laughed, and answered, smiling, "I
can't stay here very long,
But I'll sing a hymn to please you, wot I
calls the 'Glory Song.' "

Then she sang to him of heaven, pearly
gates and streets of gold,
Where the happy angel children are not
starved or nipped with cold;
But where happiness and gladness never
can decrease or end,
And where kind and loving Jesus, is their
Sovereign and their Friend.

Oh ! how Tommy's eyes did glisten as he
drank in every word
As it fell from "Singing Jessie"—was it
true, what he had heard ?
And so anxiously he asked her: "Is there
really such a place ?"
And a tear began to trickle down his pallid
little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen; why, it's
up beyond the sky,
And if yer will love the Saviour, yer shall
go there when yer die."
"Then," said Tommy, "Tell me, Jessie, how
can I the Saviour love,
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar, and he's
up in heaven above ?"

So the little ragged maiden who had heard
at Sunday school
All about the way to heaven, and the
Christian's golden rule,
Taught the little cripple Tommy how to
love and how to pray,
Then she sang a "Song of Jesus," kissed his
cheek and went away.

TOMMY'S PRAYER.

67

Tommy lay within the cellar which had
grown so dark and cold,
Thinking all about the children in the
streets of shining gold;
And he heeded not the darkness of that
dark and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could dis-
perse the deepest gloom.

"Oh ! if I could only see it," thought the
cripple, as he lay,
"Jessie said that Jesus listens and I think
I'll try and pray;"
So he put his hands together, and he closed
his little eyes,
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this
message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't
know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples who is
weak and very poor,
And I never heard of heaven till that Jessie
came to-day
And told me all about it, so I wants to try
and pray.

68 A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

You can see me, can't yer, Jesus? Jessie
told me that yer could,
And I somehow must believe it, for it
seems so prime and good ;
And she told me if I loved you, I should
see yer when I die,
In the bright and happy heaven that is up
beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no
use here below,
For I heard my mother whisper she'd be
glad if I could go;
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes; and
I feel so lonely, too,
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to
heaven along o' you ?

"Oh ! I'd be so good and patient, and I'd
never cry or fret;
And yer kindness to me, Jesus, I would
surely not forget;
I would love you all I know of, and would
never make a noise—
Can't you find me just a corner, where I'll
watch the other boys ?

Oh ! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, something
seems to tell me so,

For I feel so glad and happy, and I do so
want to go ;

How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the chil-
dren all so bright ;

Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus ?
Come and fetch me home to-night !"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had told
his soul's desire,

And he waited for the answer till his head
began to tire ;

Then he turned towards his corner, and lay
huddled in a heap,

Closed his little eyes so gently, and was
quickly fast asleep.

Oh ! I wish that every scoffer could have
seen his little face,

As he lay there in the corner, in that damp
and noisome place ;

For his countenance was shining like an
angel's fair and bright,

And it seemed to fill the cellar with a holy,
heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus from a ragged
singing girl,

He might well have wondered, pondered,
till his brain began to whirl;

But he took it as she told it, and believed
it then and there,

Simply trusting in the Saviour, and his
kind and tender care.

In the morning, when the mother came to
wake her crippled boy,

She discovered that his features wore a
look of sweetest joy,

And she shook him somewhat roughly, but
the cripple's face was cold :

He had gone to join the children in the
streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered,
and the Angel Death had come,

To remove him from his cellar, to his bright
and heavenly home,

Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness
never can decrease or end,

And where Jesus reigns eternally, his Sov-
ereign and his Friend.

